

**A Serial of Instruction Inviting Grave Research,
No. 14.**

RESPECTED FRIENDS: This serial must draw to a close, and you are glad of it. The "logic of events" are turgid with facts equally unpleasant to your ears, but time and space forbid their utterance, besides it is painful to chronicle them. "How have the mighty fallen!" As a parting advice allow me to remark that you are drifting. There stands recorded against you in heaven, the fact that you have expelled many of your members for violating your "customs and usages." You are now violating them yourselves. How many ladies now living can testify to expulsion for wearing a hat? Many of their female neighbors now hold full membership with you where they once did, with all the rules now in force that existed then, and yet you allow them to wear hats unmolested. You have expelled gentlemen for wearing a mustache *only*, and now under the same rules tolerate it. You have expelled men for having their hair shingled, and now under the same rules a great many of your members wear their hair thus, many of them ministers and even elders.

There are those living to-day whom you wantonly expelled for suing at law, and within the last three years you have sued in half a dozen instances, and that for what in justice does not belong to you, notwithstanding you have fourteen decisions prohibiting it. Those you expelled sued people of the world for what was justly due them, but you, in a church capacity sue your brethren, in fact, and the German Baptist Church winks at it. Many of your excommunicants were thrown out of church for saluting those whom you decided as not belonging to your church, and yet two notable elders, one an ex-President of Ashland College, and the other an ex-Trustee of the same institution, saluted with a kiss, perhaps not "holy," the one a member of the River Brethren, and the other, a Methodist minister, and afterwards both, the one *positively*, assisted in expelling members on the same charge of which he was guilty himself. There was this difference, however; Yoder saluted the Brethren, while the elder saluted a Methodist minister. I only mention this to show how hypocritical some men can act, and yet exercise "authority."

Now, sir, you are doing these things and you know it. You are fully aware of the fact that you are constantly violating the "customs and usages" as much, and more so than did those whom you with your own lips condemned and cast out as heathen, and all this without any change in your rules.

Pride! Progressives proud! Don't you know that one of the most energetic expellers, and heathenizers in north-eastern Ohio is a fop? And you fellowship him and cringe beneath his arrogance.

How can I, therefore, but arraign you for inconsistency. I also arraign you for injustice, in not granting fair trials, and for unpardonable partiality in church government.

I arraign you as extortioners for taking more than you bargained for, when you rob the Brethren of any and all use of the churches they helped to build.

If these unchallenged truths hurt you, how do you suppose we feel when you boyishly stigmatize us as heathen and publican, especially when we consider the source.

We regret your apostasy. We lament the barrenness of grace that is manifested in your expulsions, and the lack of regeneration in many places where two and even three locks adorn meeting houses where one would answer as well. We are pained at your doctrine of universal destruction outside of your own organization, and your determination to sustain that doctrine as far as you can by hindering as far as possible the peaceful worship of the Brethren.

But on the other hand we bless God that we can see that our principles are triumphant. We thank God that your church is more progressive now, than we were three years ago, even while lamenting the dark sin of inconsistency which led you first to expel, then practice the doctrines of the expelled. Fearing the loss of your best members has overcome your principles and sadly marred

your "customs and usages." Where, Oh! where are they. Write upon their tombstone this fitting epitaph:

Here lies our customs and usages—
Our mandates and minutes no more;
Though useful and handy for expulsion,
Yet revision they never can bear.

Then turn a new leaf, and after repenting the past, paint progress upon your banner, and begin anew upon the Apostles' creed. Throw away that miserable relic of the dark ages—your creed—and get above the carnality it breeds. It has caused misery enough. It has subverted the Gospel, and bred wolves in sheep's clothing to devour the Brethren, and just as soon as the Brethren are all in the fold safely, these same wolves will turn and rend you. They are at it already.

That these well-meant admonitions may not fall entirely upon listless ears, but may by their incisive truths provoke repentance, and lift the scales from your eyes, I close for the present, assuring you of the welcome every effort you put forth for the right will be greeted by the

AUTHOR.

Empty Men.

A professor from an institution of learning was delivering an eloquent address before a convention, upon the qualifications of the teacher; and after describing the various things that were essential to his success he said, "and with all these attainments a man will fail." "Yes," shouted Camp-Meeting John Allen, "Yes, *tain't* in him!"

From nothing, nothing comes. You cannot get blood out of a stone, and it is equally impossible to get religious life, strength and health, out of a man who knows nothing of them. An empty vessel pours out no water.

The true attitude of the servant of God is the attitude of fullness "Filled with all the fullness of God." But even in the apostle's time there were some who, so far from being thus filled were trees without root, clouds without water. Their words like the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbals. There are without doubt such men to-day, stand up before the people as ministers of the Gospel, attempting to preach a Christ to whom they are strangers, and a Gospel of which they have no personal, heart-felt knowledge. And there are hundreds of people who hear them and do not know but what they are true servants of the Lord. Thus congregations and churches have been known to listen for months or years to the teachings of liars, deceivers, and hypocrites, and not know it.

There is one thing to be remembered in all these cases: people may be deceived, but the Holy Spirit is never mistaken; and those who know the mind of the Spirit, and watch most closely the movings and leadings of the Holy Ghost, are not very apt to be led astray by the teachings of false apostles. It was said of an ancient church, "Thou hast tried them which say they are apostles and are not, and hast found them liars."

We have no right to be deceived and gulled by godless men. The Savior has warned again and again to "take heed how ye hear." "Beware of men." "Take heed that no man deceive you." "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves." And we are glad to heed these warnings, and watch and pray, and see to it that no deceiver in an unguarded hour leads us astray from God and righteousness.

Christ's sheep hear his voice and a stranger they will not follow. The more closely we follow the good Shepherd, the less liable shall we be to be beguiled by deceitful men; the less we know of Christ, the more likely shall we be to be led astray by evil and designing men.—THE CHRISTIAN.

Enduring Affliction.

I have seen three pious men injuriously treated. The first buried his sufferings in silence through fear of divine righteousness. The second rejoiced on his own account hoping for the recompense of reward. The third, entirely forgetful of himself, wept at the injury his oppressor had inflicted upon himself by wrong-doing. Behold here are three champions on the list of virtue. One impelled by fear, another stimulated by the hope of reward, a third inspired by the disinterested breathings of perfect love.—SACRED LADDER.

There Shall be no Night There.

What a glorious thought presents itself in meditating upon these soul-stirring words of our blessed Master. During our sojourn through this world, we meet with many trials, temptations, and difficulties which darken our pathway and sadden our hearts. Dark clouds overshadow us and make our pathway so gloomy that we sometimes and even quite frequently stumble and almost fall. Our eyes are dimmed with tears, our thoughts flash like fiery meteors through the sky when all, all is darkness. Oh! for some relief from these weighty burdens which seem, as did the Pilgrim's load of sin, to be increasing, instead of diminishing. Sinner, look to Jesus. He has passed from earth to Heaven to prepare us a home in that mansion above, where all darkness is turned to light. It has been revealed to us by St. John the Divine, that in that glorious abode, that Celestial city there is no night. All will be light and sunshine. The light of the sun, moon and of the stars shall not have the least effect upon its radiance, for God hath said, "Not a candle shall be necessary, neither shall the light of the sun." The angels and archangels will sound their trumpets and make the Heavens ring with their harmonious anthems.

Dear Christian, who would desire to remain in darkness, sin, and despair, when we have a promise of an entrance into the holy city? A never-ending home of sunshine and beauty, where darkness never appears, sin never enters, "Congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end." Come now, one and all, and accept this offer. Delay not one moment, for, "Procrastination is the thief of time." Let us prepare to meet the loved ones gone before, who are already inhabiting that glorious abode, and "whose robes are washed white in the blood of the Lamb." Think of the precious blood that was shed for an atonement for you and me. Let us not crucify the Savior afresh and put him to open shame. Methinks I already see him standing at the shining river and beckoning some to the other side.

No night shall be in Heaven, no darkness there,
No gloom, no mist, no sickness or despair;
But all shall shine in radiance bright and clear,
And all immortal, dwell forever there.

A SISTER IN THE LORD.

A Woman's Wit.

A woman's advice is generally worth having; so if you are in trouble, tell your mother or your wife or your sister all about it. Be assured that light will flash upon darkness. Women are commonly judged inexperienced in all but pure womanish affairs. No philosophical students of the sex thus judge them. Their intuitions or insights are the most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal there is no cat there.

I advise a man to keep none of his affairs from his wife. Many a home has been saved and many a fortune retrieved by a man's full confidence in his wife. Woman is far more of a seer and a prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, the wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands. Why not reciprocate, if only for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? The men who succeed best in life are those who make confidants of their wives.—SEL.

When Does A Tree Grow?

A short time ago a gentleman was preaching in the open air, his subject was "Growth in Grace." At the close of the meeting a man approached him and said, "Our minister has been preaching some very excellent sermons on that subject, and I have been trying to grow in grace this long time but I find I never can succeed."

The preacher pointing to a tree said, "Do you see that tree?"

"Yes," was the wondering reply.

"Well, it had to be planted before it could grow. In like manner you must be rooted and grounded in Christ before you can grow."

The man understood his meaning, and went to find Christ, and soon he was rooted in Christ and brought forth fruit to his praises.—SEL.

God Hears Prayer.

One bitter cold night in the winter of 1873, a widow lady living in Connecticut, being very destitute, arose at the midnight hour, and asked God to send help. That same night, a cousin of hers living in Louisiana, from whom she had not heard for years, was so exercised in mind, that he could not sleep, and he arose and asked God to bless the suffering poor. While praying, he thought of his cousin, though not supposing her to be needy; yet his impression became such that at daybreak he rode several miles on horseback to a bank, and sent her a check for fifty dollars.—WORDS OF FAITH.